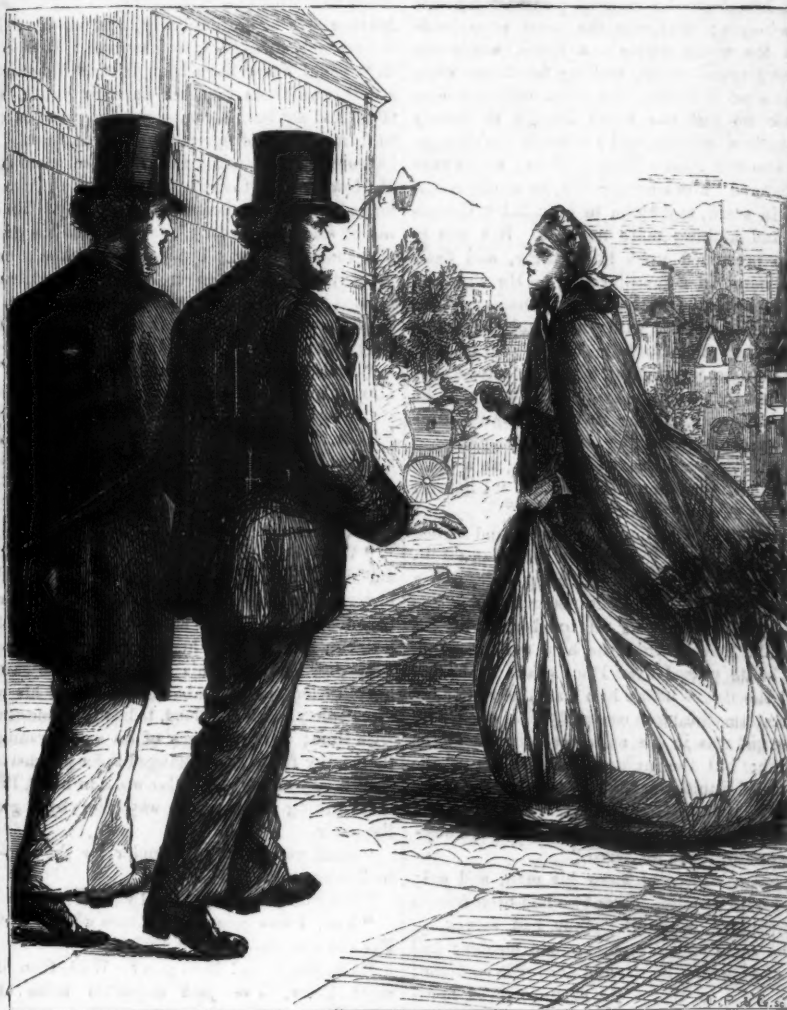


# THE QUIVER

— Saturday, June 9, 1866. —



"The conversation of the two friends was brought to a sudden close, by the appearance of a bright, fair face."—p. 595.

## THE PRIDE OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE.

### CHAPTER I.

A CRABBED, discontented man—you can tell that by his face; for there were too many wrinkles in the forehead and pits in the cheek

for one of his age. He could not be much over thirty, and yet there were seams and puckers in his face, which betokened a man of mature years. He wore all his beard—it was not much—and it

was ragged and ill-conditioned, like its wearer. Not that he was ill-dressed, or dirty—no; but there was a generally wild, distraught, and uncomfortable look about the man, which made you mistrust him from the moment you met his eye. His eye!—yes; that was the most remarkable point in the whole figure;—a fierce, wandering eye, roving round about, seeking for flaws, slips, and causes of dissatisfaction;—an unhappy eye, that took no rest nor found delight in beauty itself: restless, craving, and yet weary-looking.

His name was Prior—Thomas Prior; and if anyone "Mistered" him emphatically, he would resent the title in scorn, and claim to be called "Thomas Prior," and nothing more nor less. But woe to him who presumed upon this liberty, and dealt with his name in a familiar way! He who had previously appeared so humble, immediately became hot and bristling with pride, and claimed to be greater than most lords or kings. An uncomfortable man to meet with, take him altogether; and the best that could be said of him was, that he was not malignant, and worried and plagued himself much more than he plagued other people.

"Why, Prior," cried a cheerful voice, as a right hand was laid gently on his shoulder, "I haven't seen you for an age! How are you?"

Prior started as if he had been stung, and turned sharply round to meet the speaker. He was a well-dressed gentleman, with light, crisp hair, and a bright, pleasant look, and his general aspect was improved (he was not at all handsome) by the frank, genial way in which he held out his hand. A grim smile passed over Prior's face as he recognised the figure before him; and he responded to the greeting with more cordiality than one would have thought was in his nature. This was at the first burst; but the natural crabbedness of the man asserted itself immediately afterwards, as he added—

"If you hadn't seen me at all, Marlow, I suppose it wouldn't have mattered."

The person addressed knew his man, and only answered with a smile. These two had been friends and companions in youth; they had served, in much the same capacity, under one master; had for years had wants, hopes, and desires in common; and had lived in that state of unreserved familiarity usual with young people thrown almost exclusively into one another's society. They had respected each other, too, for they were both virtuous in the main, and could afford to pass lightly over the venial peccadilloes into which they may each have fallen.

But time had brought about its inevitable changes, and when Thomas Prior and Charles Marlow had grown to manhood, they were launched into the world each to seek his own fortune. Thus they had been separated, had acquired new im-

pulses and new interests, and during many years had met only by chance and at rare intervals. When they did meet, their old friendship sprung up into new life on the instant, yet no two men could be more opposite in their chief characteristics. Marlow was sanguine, lively, and affable; Prior, despondent, saturnine, and morose. It is certain they could never have been friends if hazard had not thrown them together in their youth, and if there had not been a common principle of rectitude to form a bond of sympathy between them. They had not both prospered in life in the same degree. Marlow was a thriving man, while Prior still lagged behind in comparative poverty. He could not be said to have failed, for he held his ground, and that stiffly too; but having reached a certain point just out of the crowd of competitors, he seemed unable to make any further advance. Although busily engaged in the same thriving town, they had not met for several years.

"And how are you getting on, Prior?" was Marlow's cheery question.

"How should I get on?" was the surly rejoinder. "In such a slavish, crawling place as this, a man of any spirit is out of his element."

"We must take the world as we find it."

"We don't find it—we make it."

"You mean that others make it for us."

"What others? We are the others—that is, I am not; but if half a dozen of my neighbours haven't a soul to call their own, and by their own base trucking, bring a herd of tyrants round them, how can I alone make head against the throng?"

Marlow shrugged his shoulders. He saw that his old friend had not abandoned any of his prejudices—they seemed, indeed, to have become stronger with time; and as it was of no use pursuing this theme any further, he changed it for another.

"Have you any particular work in hand, Prior?"

"Nothing I can make anything by," growled the other.

"Shall you make any tender for the iron-work in Bristow's affair?"

"Why do you ask? Shall you?"

"Yes; I was going down there when I met you. I've got the tender in my pocket."

"Oh, you have! have you? Well, then, if you must know, I've just deposited mine at the office."

"Bravo! I'm glad you're coming in with the rest of us. You used to despise tenders."

"So I do now; but I suppose I must run with the ruck. A mean, paltry, underhand way of doing business, I call it. But you've brought it on yourselves; there's no independence among you."

"Don't class me with that lot," laughed Marlow, who was determined not to take offence at anything his friend might say.

"I don't say you, in particular," Prior went on,

in his snarling way; "but I say that, taking people as a body—all that I have anything to do with—there's not a spark of independence among them."

"I'm afraid, Prior," said Marlow, "that you have been unfortunate in your friends."

Marlow was becoming weary of this perpetual fault-finding; but he was a good-natured fellow, and had at heart a respect for his old companion. Moreover, their route lay together, and no favourable excuse offered itself under the shelter of which he could take an abrupt leave. So he kept by Prior's side, who, under the spur of his irascible temper, walked on at a swingeing pace. Marlow took no heed of his companion's rabid attacks upon mankind in general, but led the conversation to the details of the building, for certain iron-work connected with which they had both resolved to send in tenders; and as this was a subject at which Prior was perfectly at home, he readily took up the theme. Prior was earnest in everything, and discussed the new subject with great knowledge and his usual warmth—not omitting to have his fling at the "base and truckling instincts" of human nature, at every possible opportunity.

Presently the conversation of the two friends was brought to a sudden close, by the appearance of a bright, fair face, which, with a look of entreaty, pressed itself upon their attention.

"Halloa, Susy!" cried Prior, "is that you? What is the matter?"

The young woman thus addressed expressed her wish as clearly as eyes could speak—and her eyes *did* speak, volumes—to confer with Prior alone; and, with a hasty "Excuse me, Marlow," the man of independence stepped a pace or two aside to hear what the fair messenger had to say.

The eyes of Marlow were not idle at this juncture, and, with an irresistible instinct, rested upon the face and figure of Susy, as she stood in earnest conversation with the restless and vehement Prior. She certainly was not beautiful—in face, that is—but in form she was slim, lithe, and graceful as an antelope. Her pretty head bent easily forward as she spoke, and there was a fervency of expression and a radiance of light in her countenance, which more than compensated for dull regularity of feature. Then, she was neatness itself, and, by her earnestness of manner, evidently meant business.

Just as Marlow became conscious that his steady look might be misunderstood as a rude stare, Susy looked up and caught him in the act. A bolder man might have been confused under the circumstance; but Marlow was not bold, in the sense of impudent, and was only sheltered, in his embarrassment by the action of Prior.

"I forgot," exclaimed the latter; "I ought to have introduced you. My sister-in-law, Miss Terryll—Mr. Marlow, my very old friend and former chum."

Due acknowledgments made, Miss Terryll turned to go, when Prior caught her arm, with the words—

"Stop a bit, Susy; I'll go home with you. I dare say Mr. Marlow can take care of himself."

"I must try, under the circumstances," answered Marlow, his usual good-humoured smile lighting up his face. "But, one word, before I go, Prior: don't despair of the contract."

"A pack of schemers!" exclaimed Prior.

"What can I expect to gain among such a crew?"

"You won't forget that I'm one of them," laughed Marlow.

"Oh! I except you. Won't you look in? Some evening, now. Quite simple, you know. I shall expect you." And he almost spoilt poor Susy's curtsy, as he dragged her away.

## CHAPTER II.

"Does Prior really mean what he says?" was the question Charles Marlow put to himself, as he turned slowly round, after watching the two figures of Prior and his gentle companion out of sight. "I don't believe him," argued Marlow to himself. "He speaks from his passion, and not from his reason. He can't think so ill of human nature—no honest man could. Now, Prior is an honest man—a just man, I believe, in the main, and a clever and industrious man. How is it he does not get on so well as he ought? He makes himself enemies by his insulting, currish spirit. I wonder what sort of a home he keeps. It is by that you can judge a man. I feel interested in Prior, and I shall accept his invitation."

And so he did upon a very early occasion.

The home of Mr. Thomas Prior was not an unhappy one, although it was wanting in many things which to a man in his position might be called necessities. No doubt a great deal of this was due to his wife, Bessie, who was active, cheerful, and affectionate. She made the best of all that came to her hands, and was perhaps the one being in whom Prior entirely trusted. Still, to give him his due, the egotism and part selfishness, which found vent on ordinary occasions in the abuse of his friends and neighbours, was less visible at home than anywhere else. Not that he was always charitable even there, but his suspicions were less on the alert, and his ill-temper less excited in his small family-circle of wife, children, and Susy, than it was in the rough, outside world. The gentler, kindlier man came out under the soothing influence of home, and the roughness of his speech was softened by the presence of those whom he loved.

Then Prior had a paramount sense of duty; and he would have scorned to debar his wife and children (he had three little "toddlers," as he called them,) of anything his circumstances would permit

him to provide. There was no want, no pinching in Prior's household, because he held it as a point of honour that at home, at least, there should be peace and comfort. But, on the other hand, there were few luxuries. Such things were not within the scope of Prior's resources. His rude, offensive manners were in part the cause and in part the effect of a want of success which he himself ascribed to his own too great freedom of speech and act. Fortunately, his wife Bessie was homely and industrious.

Thither, one evening, very soon after his chance meeting with Prior, Charles Marlow found his way. "Glad to see you, Marlow," was the gruff welcome of Prior, as he pressed the hand of his visitor; "though I must say I didn't expect you."

"Why not?"

"Because there's not much of a catch here."

"Come, old friend, that's hardly complimentary. Don't you think I can pay a disinterested visit?"

"Well, I suppose you can, Marlow, or you would not be here—and there's an end of it."

Mrs. Prior seemed to have a strong inclination to strike in with a conciliatory word or two, but, upon second thoughts, held her peace. Susy, who was busied with one of the children, darted an indignant glance at her brother-in-law, and then drooped her eyes again to her task.

"Here, Tom," cried Prior to his eldest "toddler," as a sort of concession after his rudeness, "go and shake hands with the gentleman."

Tom, a sturdy urchin of some five or six years, crossed over to Marlow and held out his hand. Marlow accepted it as a peace-offering, and so harmony was restored. The conversation turned upon indifferent subjects, and Marlow's natural readiness and amiability showed to advantage against the abrupt, blunt expressions of his host. And so an hour passed.

"While supper is being laid," cried Prior, suddenly starting to his feet, "come and look at my workshops, Marlow."

And, without waiting for a response, he led the way out of the house into the yard, and thence up a ladder-like staircase to the scene of his daily labours. Everything here was admirable, both in character and arrangement, and Marlow did not hesitate to say so, adding—

"It really is a surprise to me, Prior, that you haven't made more way in the world. You deserve success."

"It's not surprising to me," answered Prior, with a toss of the head almost contemptuous in its expression. "I've got on well enough. I could get on better, of course, if I chose to truckle to a lot of dunderheads, and go sneaking about for what I could catch."

Marlow reasoned against these narrow conclusions, but with no better result than to make his

companion more violent in his denunciation of all usurers and middlemen; so that Marlow was glad to return to the more placid regions of the domestic hearth, where Bessie and Susy exercised their gentle influence. Upon the whole, he spent a pleasant evening, and was easily induced to repeat his visit.

Charles Marlow had been the guest of his old companion some three or four times, when one evening, after his departure, Prior suddenly addressed his wife thus:—

"I begin to mistrust that fellow Marlow, do you know, Bess?"

"Dear me, Tom! What has he done?"

"Nothing yet that I know of; and I'll take care that he does nothing in the future, that's more."

"But, what do you think he wants to do, Tom?"

"Why, to pick up my secrets, and make money out of them."

"Oh, dear, Tom! I can't think that: he appears so sincere and good-hearted."

"What does he come here so often for, then? Why, he's here two nights out of three."

"So he is, Tom. But don't you think that Susy, perhaps—"

"Oh, don't tell me!" interrupted Prior, impatiently; "that's a mere pretence."

"That may be," continued Bessie, with a very knowing shake of the head; "but, for all that, I can't help thinking—in fact, I'm quite sure—that Mr. Marlow is very attentive to Susy; and Susy notices it."

"Ah! that's his cunning. Don't you suppose that he'll have anything serious to say to Susy. She's a penniless girl; and that won't do for Master Marlow."

Bessie knew, from long experience, that it was useless to contradict her husband, when in one of his positive fits. Therefore she made no reply, resolved to wait till time should settle the question. In the meantime, Miss Terryll grew silent and thoughtful, and busied herself more seriously than ever in the household duties.

On the following day, about noon, Prior came home in a towering passion; he was positively white with rage, and his hair writhed and coiled about his face, like a nest of snakes.

"I thought as much!" shouted he, with both his hands among his hair, as if the snakes were stinging him. "The double-faced scoundrel! That's what all his visits come to."

"Who is it, Tom?" asked Bessie, soothingly.

"That vagabond Marlow! He has tricked me out of it."

"Out of what, Tom?"

"Why, the contract, of course."

"But I thought, Tom, he sent in his tender the same day that you did."

"Not he. Catch him at it. He had it in his



pocket, and, I've no doubt, kept it, till he got out of me what he wanted.'

"Dreadful, Tom, if it's true."

"True! Of course, it's true. It's as clear as daylight—the mean rascal! He's gone below me, and made use of the information I gave him."

"Poor Susy! what will she say?"

"Say! Say she was lucky to be rid of such a paltry fellow. If he comes here I'll throw him out of doors."

And so he went raving up and down.

(To be concluded in our next.)

<sup>66</sup> ECCE

## HOMO."

**T**HERE is no point upon which modern critics have oftener insisted than that the historical records of Christianity should be tested by the very same laws of criticism as are applicable to any other historical record whatsoever.

A practical result of this mode of treating the Christian records has been the publication of various works, each professing to be a life of Jesus. As Lord Macaulay and other modern historians have collected from ancient records the materials for a history of England, so religious historians have collected, from the New Testament and other documents, materials wherewith to compile a life of Christ. The most remarkable works of this class which have appeared are the new notorious "Life of Jesus," by M. Renan; "Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work,"\* by M. De Pressensé; and "Ecce Homo,"† by some anonymous author.

Before criticising these works separately, it is advisable to understand how far the theory of criticism to which we have already referred is really applicable to the inspired records; for upon this theory each of the works mentioned more or less professes to be based.

Undoubtedly the authenticity of the Christian documents must be tried and established by the very same laws and class of evidence which is applied to ordinary historic records. To claim for these documents any exceptional treatment, on the score of their being inspired, *before* their authenticity has been established, is simply begging the question. Up to this point M. Renan and M. De Pressensé are both right. M. Renan, however, and his school of modern critics, apply this "ordinary criticism rule" much further. They say, not merely is the authenticity of the records which profess to contain the life of Jesus to be tried by ordinary rules of criticism, but, when the authenticity has been established, the statements contained and teaching propounded in these records are to be tried by the same ordinary rules. From this we

entirely and emphatically dissent. Even in the case of ordinary books, when we have established, by the same mode of criticism, the authorship of the works, we proceed to criticise their contents in a widely different manner, according to the confidence and respect due to the author. If we once prove and admit the authentic character of the New Testament records, we have established that they contain a narrative unique and exceptional in its character, and therefore to be treated in an exceptional manner.

Taking for granted, then, that the four Gospels contain an authentic record, what estimate must we form of the character of Jesus Christ, as therein unfolded? We must arrive at one of two conclusions,—either Jesus was the Son of God, and all that he professed to be; or he was a man of the sublimest genius and purest morality, who went about teaching the divinest truths, and, though possessed of so refined a character and mind, he devoted the entire of his life to the propagation of what, as regards his own mission and character, he knew to be a lie. We simply ask whether it is easier to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, or to accept those incomprehensible incongruities, in which our acceptance of the other alternative must involve us? M. Renan presents us with the life of Christ founded upon the one supposition which we have mentioned; M. De Pressensé has based his biography upon the other. M. Renan rejects the Divine nature of Christ, and the reality of his miracles, and treats of his life merely as the life of the leader of a religious movement—deceived himself in many things, and the deceiver of his devoted followers.

To adopt, therefore, the conclusions of M. Renan, we must believe that the purest system of morality ever devised, and the sublimest religion ever propounded, are based upon a life which was simply, from beginning to end, a blasphemous lie. M. Renan may find it difficult to credit miracles, but the whole Bible contains no miracle so extraordinary and improbable as that which he asks us to believe. In opposition to M. Renan, the distinguished scholar, M. De Pressensé, has written a life of Christ, taking for its basis the four Gospels, and admitting the Divinity of our Lord and the reality of his miracles. As regards mere style of composition,

\* "Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work." By E. De Pressensé. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, Paternoster Row.

† "Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ."  
London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

M. Renan stands, as a whole, unapproached; and the amount of evil which his book may have done is chiefly due to the eloquent, touching, and nervous style in which he has written. There is not even an attempt at argument in his work. He takes for granted, without condescending to discuss it, that the belief of eighteen centuries is one gigantic blunder. M. De Pressensé's style is, as a rule, slightly inferior to that of M. Renan, though here and there in his work there are to be found passages which, for simple beauty of language and delicacy of construction, are incomparably better than anything which M. Renan's book contains. M. De Pressensé has given us, in addition to a mere narrative of our Lord's work, an exhaustive exposition of the tendencies of thought which existed when Jesus lived, the state of the society in which he moved, and the work which his life and death accomplished. M. De Pressensé has, as far as is consistent with an earnest recognition of our Lord's Divinity, discussed the effect of his life and character from a humanistic point of view, and thus has rendered a comparison between the probability of his and M. Renan's hypothesis simple and evident. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the same country which gave us so much specious poison as is contained in M. Renan's "Life of Jesus," should have given us, also, so effective an antidote as this able volume of M. De Pressensé affords. It must, however, be distinctly understood that we do not endorse all that is advanced in this volume; indeed, it contains some opinions from which we strongly dissent.

"Ecce Homo" may be regarded as a kind of supplement to such a work as M. De Pressensé's. It is not a life of Jesus, but an investigation of the principal epochs in his biography and his teaching. The only questions which the author proposes to discuss in the volume are—what was Christ's object in founding the society which is called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object? It is at once apparent that the author does not enter into any investigation of either the Divinity of our Lord or the reality of his miracles. The very title which the volume bears, and the necessary predominance of the humanitarian aspect of Christianity which it contains, would have rendered it desirable that the author should have stated, in his introduction, his views upon these questions. We must, however, most emphatically protest against those reviewers who have seen fit to decide that the author of "Ecce Homo" rejects both these fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Such passages as the following are, to our mind, conclusive evidence of the author's belief in Christ's Divinity, and the reality of his miracles:—

It was in this way that the quarrel began between the Jews and their Divine Messiah. . . . He was grappling

with the facts of his age, in the strength of an inspiration to which no truth was hidden and no enterprise impossible. . . . Miracles play so important a part in Christ's scheme that any theory which could represent them as due entirely to the imagination of his followers, or of a later age, destroys the credibility of the documents—not partially, but wholly—and leaves Christ a personage as mythical as Hercules.

It must be remembered that the discussion of our Lord's Divinity and miracles did not fall actually within the scope of the topics which the author treats of in this volume: he particularly states that this is only a fragment; and we feel it to be the most Christian course to pursue, to suspend judgment on his orthodoxy until we have his entire work before us. As far as this work goes, it is perfectly consistent for us to expect that in the next volume the author, when he comes to deal with "Christ as the creator of modern theology and religion," will, in a more categorical manner, express his belief that this great work is only satisfactorily to be accounted for by the real essential Divinity of Him who accomplished it. While differing very strongly from some passages which we find in "Ecce Homo," we cannot but express our admiration of the earnest spirit which pervades every chapter, the bold originality of thought which it contains, and the eloquent language in which those thoughts are expressed. Nevertheless, we are bound to point out one radical error, which, to a great extent, mars the effect of the work as a whole. The author applies what we have termed the "ordinary criticism rule" subsequent to, as well as prior to, the proof of authenticity. Thus the humanistic is the predominating element in his estimate of the character of Jesus.

The general tendency of the work is therefore decidedly dangerous. Such mode of treating the life of Jesus is apt to lead us to rest satisfied with contemplating the means which were made use of, rather than the Divine power which availed itself of those means. The writer, in some instances, in order to account for occurrences which cannot be adequately explained from the humanistic point of view, is forced to assume a number of facts and theories which we believe to be purely fictitious. We sincerely trust that the able author has been to some extent forced into this line of treatment from the bad division of his subject, to which we have already referred; and that when the work is completed, the second part will prove a noble testimony in favour of those principles the non-recognition of which is, as the work now stands, a very serious and dangerous defect.

We would earnestly press upon our readers that every view which may be taken of the life of Christ, to be true, must be reconcilable with the three great fundamental facts of his Divinity, his miracles, and his atonement. In respect to these points there can be no variation, or latitude of

opinion. These are the *sine quâ non* of Christian theology: they are the very lifeblood in the body of which He is the head. The Christian faith may be made perfect and lovely in all the symmetry of

its moral beauty, but without these truths it is cold and lifeless. These grand truths, like the breath of Deity, must be breathed into it before it becomes a living and a life-giving principle.

## A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### ASCENDING MONT CENIS.



ONE of my reasons for undertaking this journey was for sake of rest and change. Of the latter I have had already no small measure—change of scene, change of climate, change of society, not to say anything of change of money! But if you ask me what I have had in the way of rest, I can only say that my present stage is my sixth night from home, and I have been out of my bed three nights out of the six! Still, even this is change, and we all know that rest does not mean sleeping regularly in one's bed. It is rest to change one's ordinary mode of life, and to undergo new tests of physical endurance. The rest that I am seeking is that which I am now enjoying—rest from the daily round of ordinary work, and change from the mere routine of ordinary life. I am every day finding new scenes to occupy my mind, new experiences to enlarge my thoughts, new subjects for after-reflection, and new things in this old world that I feel I ought to have seen and been familiar with long ago.

Still, while all this may be very true, and be sound philosophy, it cannot be denied that I spent one night on board the ———, crossing the Channel in anything but a graceful and agreeable style. The philosopher may call that rest if he likes (say, three or four days after the fact), but in the actual crossing, the true philosophy would be for a man to be in his own peaceful and unruffled bed at home. It is also true, in fact, that I spent another night in a long journey from Paris "across country" to Savoy. And now I am in for a third night of travel over the hills, the snow-hills, the mighty Alps. I must make up both mind and body to interpret the occasion as a thrice-repeated act of "rest and change."

I wish my readers to understand that the ascent of Mont Cenis is no mere trifle, that it involves—work. In my last paper I think I left my readers standing in imagination in the courtyard, amid caravans, diligences, mules, muleteers, *et hoc genus omne*, all in glorious confusion; some neighing, some braying, and some others of the motley group giving vent to no end of ejaculations. As for ourselves, we all felt like the Irishman, who quite

expected the horses would make a good run of the next stage, because he had enjoyed a good dinner. We were abundantly refreshed, as the result of the successful scramble for something to eat at St. Michel. So we, at all events, were in good humour, and tolerably well prepared for the upward journey.

I must tell you the diligences of Mont Cenis are large, unwieldy, cumbersome concerns, consisting of a huge body divided into three compartments—in front a coupé, holding three passengers (special fee); the middle, like the old-fashioned stage-coaches, holding six comfortably; and the hinder part, a kind of enclosed "dickey," for six, closely packed. Upon the roof of this tripartite establishment immense quantities of luggage were stowed, much more than the joint stock (limited) of our travelling baggage.

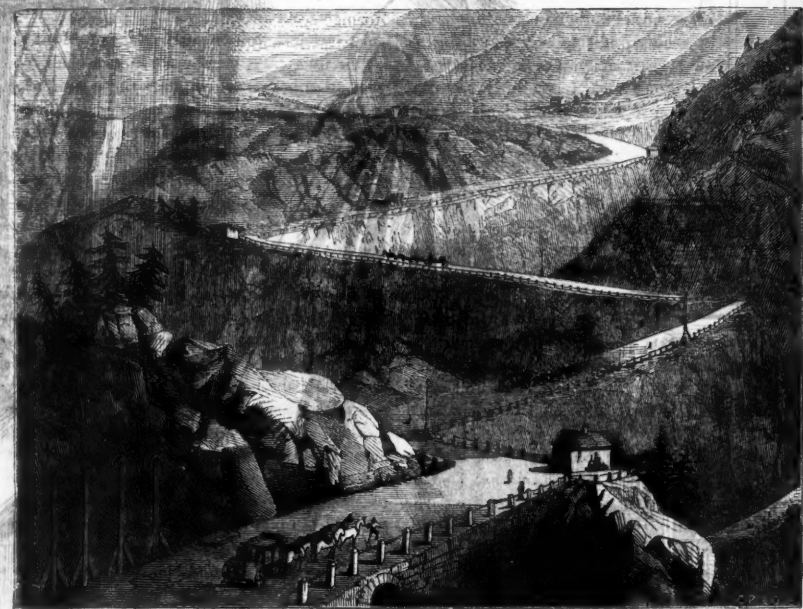
The clock had just struck three—that is, I believe, the approved method of commencing a three-volume novel—when our diligence rumbled out of the courtyard. We started for the gentler incline of the earlier stage with six horses. One vehicle had started before us, and five or six more were to follow. We saw how our route lay far and away along the gigantic range of mountains, but had as yet a very faint idea of the nature of the upper reaches of the journey. We rolled and rumbled on, and the bells jingled to the time of the trot of the horses, and little beggars fastened themselves on to us with a tenacity of grasp that seemed capable of separation only by chopping off their hands or fingers. We were evidently rising, up and up; and within an hour or two we had come upon the region of snow, cold and crisp, so that the wheels crunched the ice as they rolled. At our first change, we took mules instead of horses, and had now a team of sixteen mules, two abreast, to each caravan, besides two horses as wheelers. We observed the sunset with some interest, as the greater light sunk down to rest behind those massive pillars of the heavens. Just about sunset we arrived at and passed through a strong fort or castle, which commands the pass of the mountain from Savoy. This stronghold, doubly fortified by nature and by art, appeared as a bold, bluff helmet on the brow of the peak that it defended. Darkness was now coming on; lights were kindled, great burning lamps, emitting a



long vista of flame and light along the path, which at some points was no wider than was sufficient for the gauge of our chariot wheels, with precipices, sheer and steep, hundreds of feet below us; a false step would prove fatal. It was now the *tout ensemble* of the thing became really interesting and quite romantic, as we looked behind and observed those that followed us. In the clear night air, the whole train actually steamed forth a very cloud for dint of work, so terribly against collar had the ascent become. This cloud was illuminated like a pillar of fire around and above, by the great orb-lights of the caravan. We were ascending fast, and allowing no grass to grow under our feet. All around, above, beneath was snow; a shower of snow was

very comfortably provided—a help for the way which we all very much needed, and therefore very much enjoyed. We resumed our places at the call of the muleteers; the wind striking cold upon us now, and reminding us that we were nearing the upper heights.

At twelve o'clock or thereabouts, we were suddenly pulled up at a point where rows of carriages were standing in the snow, as though the Lord Mayor of London lived there, and had been giving a grand dinner that evening, and the carriages were waiting in Cheapside for the company. There were also a large number of sleighs or sledges resting there. Our diligence was surrounded by a number of tall, burly men, some of them carrying ladders,



ASCENT OF MONT CENIS.

then falling, and yet it was not cold. By-and-by, ascending higher, we were rather surprised to find that there were so many villages interspersed along the ascent; some of these very large villages, and each with a tiny church of its own. I should think these villages are created and sustained by the necessity for change of horses and mules, and for purposes of refreshment of travellers. Far up the height we passed the works of the projected Mont Cenis Railway, very large and extensive, and showing a vast accumulation of machinery for the exigencies of so gigantic an undertaking.

At about eleven o'clock (night) the whole party, as they came up, alighted at a wayside *buffet* for refreshment. We had tea, coffee, milk, bread, &c.,

and all of them evidently interested in the expedition. At length the order came—"*Descenda, changes ici!*" We accordingly alighted in the cold midnight air, on the chill mountain snow, with bag and baggage and all, and were transhipped from our great frigates to our little gun-boats of sledges, so as to accomplish the last great tug to the mountain-top. It was very cold, this changing of places, just then and there. We were within half an hour or so of the climax of our climbing, and only sledges could accomplish this stage.

So, we were changed, and our luggage was changed, from caravan to sledge; and off we went, bump, bump, and away, over the ice, and the snow, and the drift, and the mountain-top, and all.





observed that for some time we were passing over neither ascent nor descent, but a level table-land; this was the summit of Mont Cenis. Snow was falling fast, and a nipping blast swept over the brow of the mountain. We were on the top of the Alps—great hills of God, ye everlasting hills, as deeply rooted in the earth as ye are lifted up to heaven!

Now began, as disputants would say, "the other side of the question," the descent. Shall I say, *Facilis descensus?* We are still in our sledges, and look very much like Icelanders or Esquimaux, wrapped up in our cloaks, and shawls, and blankets, and rugs. We feel "momentum" now, and are evidently on the decline. It is about one o'clock—dark, lonely, cold, and a snow-storm is drifting against our windows. Down, down, lower down; deep, deeper, and lower still; rapid is our flight; sure-footed is our team, now consisting of but one mule; quick is the eye and steady the hand of our driver, as mule, and sledge, and all slide swiftly down the steep ladder of ice and snow to the warm and sunny plains of Italy. In and out, at sharp turns and sudden angular jerks, we wind round and round, to right and left, in the same sort of zig-zag as in the ascent. A score of sledges are tearing down this great snow-clad watershed of the Alps behind us. They rock and wriggle to and fro, and we feel that if we are rocking and wriggling as bad as they, the best thing we can do is to shut our eyes and hold fast. The road is protected by strong pillars, with chains and beams laid across; but these are no protection to us, for the snow has risen considerably above their level, and we are riding on the round back of a double precipice. Keep to the middle, if you can! Here the *via media* is the safest. The Scylla and Charybdis of the Alps are on either side. Cheat them both, and pass on, and be safe!

Halt!—we feel a pull, and see carriages and diligences again. Another Lord Mayor has been giving a banquet! and then the rough voices of the men of the mountain—"Descendez, changez ici!" Instantly doors are open, and oh, what a

cold, cutting, piercing wind! I never felt the like of that before in all my life.

These diligences into which we have now changed are of the same construction and character as those in which we first started. I was weary and tired, for I had not been able to take a wink of sleep all the livelong night; at first because of the intense interest of the scene, and afterwards for the bumping and uneven motion of the sledges. There was, however, nothing for it now but to tuck my head under my wing, and through sheer fatigue I slept. It could not have been long, for at half-past two o'clock I was waked up by the stopping of the diligence at its destination, Susa, where the broken link of the railway route resumes the thread of its course.

We are now in Italy—have been, I suppose, ever since we turned the mountain top. The train that corresponds with the diligences starts for Turin at three o'clock; but only two of the diligences have arrived up to that time. The luggage is mixed here and there between all the caravans, and it must be searched before starting. So the main party are obliged to wait; the train departs at its proper time, and Turin cannot be reached except by the next train, which arrives about 7 a.m. This is not at all a pleasant prospect, especially after so long and continuous a journey, which has lasted for most of our party for thirty-six hours, reckoning from the time of their leaving Paris on Tuesday evening.

Turin was reached at about seven o'clock in the morning; and it was wonderful to find the whole party alive and well, safe and sound, all assembled, brisk and lively as possible, for breakfast, at nine o'clock in our hotel, the Hotel Feder, one of the best and cleanest and most beautiful I have ever stayed at, at home or abroad. This is the general tryst of the party. We tarry here to see the city, and to take final counsel as to our future route and line of march. So, for the present, I break off once more.

(To be continued.)

### THE EMPTY CAGE.

**T**HE sunshine plays at hide-and-seek  
Upon the willow bough,  
And glimmers in the wicker cage,  
But it is empty now!

Because my little bird is dead,  
Which came across the sea  
With one who sleeps in India now!  
And it was dear to me!

It sang to me those happy days  
Of girlish love and pride:

It sang the day the letter came  
Which told me how he died.

And as I sit and do my work,  
When all the rest are out—  
The only sounds the ticking clock,  
The far-off reaper's shout:

That great, great sorrow seems a dream,  
The sweet old joy, the truth:  
I sometimes sit, and hope again,  
The vanished hopes of youth.

I even fancy birdie sings,  
Then rousing with a start,  
Remember that the joy and song  
But echo in my heart.

'Tis but an empty wicker cage,  
A shallow grave afar,—  
The sun sleeps on the same old fields,  
Yet all things altered are. I. F.

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

## DORA'S NEW GOVERNESS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

**D**ORA, my dear, go to bed," said a feeble voice from an arm-chair by the fire-side. "Dora, love, do you hear me?" Of course Dora heard her grand-mamma's voice, she was neither deaf nor stupid, but a very bright, rosy little maiden of nine years old, who was in the full possession of all her senses.

"Dora, I do think I have spoken to you twenty times; what are you doing there?"

"Cutting out a picture for my scrap-book. I shan't go till I have finished it."

"Oh, Dora, it is well the governess is coming to-morrow: if she teaches you nothing else, I hope she will teach you obedience."

I am sorry to tell you that Dora Beauchamp ran out of the drawing-room banging the door behind her, and never bid her grandmamma good night. Up-stairs she flew into the nursery, with the tale of her injuries, and while nurse brushed her hair, she got some consolation from the sympathy which was shown her.

Never was surprise greater than that which Dora felt the next day, when, having been summoned to her grandmamma's room, she stood face to face with her new governess. The new governess was so unlike anything she had fancied. By no means old; but young and pretty, and graceful too. Then, when she spoke, her voice was so gentle and pleasant, and she smiled on Dora with a bright, merry smile.

"There she is," Mrs. Beauchamp began; "I am afraid, Miss Severn, you will have some trouble with her; but if you have little brothers and sisters at home, you know what children are."

"Oh, yes," was the reponse, "I have plenty of little brothers and sisters; two must be just your age, I think," Miss Severn added, turning to Dora.

"Two?" repeated Dora, interested and surprised.

"Yes, my little sisters are twins—Edith and Evelyn; they were nine last February."

"And I was nine in February too," Dora replied, the cloud clearing from her face, and her air of restraint and coldness beginning to give way.

That a governess should have two sisters with such pretty names, and just her age, seemed a great bond of union. And then Mrs. Beauchamp said—

"Can't you show Miss Severn to her rooms, my love?"

Dora answered, "Yes, grandma," quite cheerfully. Miss Severn took Dora's hand, and they left the room together.

"I think she is promising," poor Mrs. Beauchamp said, with a sigh of relief, when her husband came in, soon after; "I think Miss Severn will succeed."

Meantime, Dora and Miss Severn were making friends, as the former called it. She was gratified at the pleasure Miss Severn showed when she saw her room, and, indeed, Dora was surprised to find how pleasant it was. There was a book-case, and a work-table, and two nice easy chairs, and a small piano, and a good substantial table—something like her grandpapa's in the library—and a picture of Dora's mother hanging over the chimney-piece.

"That's mamma," said Dora, in a saddened voice.

"Have you got a mamma?" Tears rushed to Miss Severn's eyes, as she said—

"No, Dora, no; nor a papa either." Dora was silent for a minute, then she asked—

"Who takes care of Evelyn and Edith?"

"Our eldest sister Jane, who has been a mother to all the little ones for the last four years. You are very like that picture, Dora."

This was a sure way to the child's heart; to be thought like her mother was her great ambition.

Several days went on, and Dora and Miss Severn became fast friends. While the novelty lasted, and every lesson and occupation was fresh and new, Dora's behaviour was unexceptionable. Now and then there was a gleam in Miss Severn's eye which Dora could not misunderstand, it so plainly told her that what she wished to have done must be done. But no child ever found obedience easy to learn at nine years old, and hard lessons were in store for Dora, far harder than her sums and French exercises, or the first drudgery of music through which she had to go. Naturally quick and clever, Dora soon mastered the notes, and could play the scale of C major correctly in a day or two with very little trouble to herself. Then came that reading of the notes on the page of the music, and playing them on the piano without looking at her fingers.

"But I must look at my fingers!" Dora persisted, impatiently. Glancing up at her governess, she saw the expression of her face.

"My dear child, if I let you learn music in the wrong way, you will only have more trouble afterwards; if you persist in looking down for B every time; I shall shut the piano, and must punish you by refusing to go on with that book I read to you while you work."

Dora's temper rose now; she began to thump on the keys every note but the right; she fidgeted and fumed, and at last, hopeless of any amendment that day, Miss Severn rose and shut the piano.

Dora cried and sobbed violently, and was leaving the room in one of her bursts of passion, when Miss Severn said, "Stay where you are, Dora; you must not run away without my leave."

"Will you read, then?" asked Dora, defiantly. "No; I certainly shall not this afternoon."

At last, finding Miss Severn firm, she stopped crying; and, feeling humbled and ashamed, got her work-box, and began to set some weary stitches in the hem of a pocket-handkerchief.

But Miss Severn's victory was gained for that time, and full of pity for the child, who had never been taught to fight her own battle against self, and an impetuous temper, she began to speak about the work, and promised that when she had learned to seam, she would let her make a frock for a poor child at the lodge. Dora's clouds all vanished, and the governess was hopeful. But this contest was but the beginning of many of a like nature. Hard times they were for both the governess and the pupil, and yet no one at Aston Court guessed how it was.

It was the end of May now, but the weather was wet, and cold, and chilly. The schoolroom fire was lighted in the evening, and the housemaid generally attended to it when they removed the tea-things. This afternoon, however, it had been only just lighted when it went out again, and Dora having finished learning her lessons, thought she would employ herself by stuffing some paper between the bars, and setting it on fire. Without waiting to remember the strict orders she always received not to touch a match or meddle with fire in any way, she got Miss Severn's match-box and began operations. Two or three bits of writing-paper were successfully pushed in; then the match was struck; twice she failed, but the third time it ignited, and with such a sharp, sudden fizz, that Dora started. The match fell from her hand, and caught the skirt of her light frock. In a moment she was in flames. With a loud scream the frightened child rushed from the room, and flew along the gallery towards the head of the staircase. The butler passing the foot of the stairs at that moment, sprang up to meet her. Seizing from a table in the hall a large cloak of Mr. Beauchamp's, with great presence of mind he caught Dora and threw her down, enveloped in the heavy cloak, and the flames were extinguished. But when Miss Severn from below,

and the servants from above reached the spot, the child was insensible; and Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, unable to move quickly, were mounting the stairs with feeble, uncertain steps, asking only the question—"Is she saved—is she saved?"

Yes, Dora's life was saved; but she was carried to the little bed in Miss Severn's room, there to lie a weary prisoner for many, many weeks—there to suffer a bitter penalty for the heedless act of disobedience which had so nearly cost her her life. Through all the long weeks of pain and weary hours of recovery, Dora was watched over by her new governess with a patient, gentle love which never grew tired.

Another time I will tell you how Miss Severn beguiled the hours of sickness.

### PANSIE.

#### A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



WAKEN, waken, rosy love,  
Snugly curled in cosy nest;  
Sparrows perched on eaves above  
Cheep to rouse thee from thy rest:

And the angel-guard who keeps  
Watch and ward around the bed  
Where my little Pansie sleeps,  
To his Master back has fled.

Little flowers should love the light,  
And should ope their sleep-dewed eyes  
To the wealth of blessings bright,  
— Falling from the morning skies.

Then thou'lt have more bliss of heart,  
Pansie, than thy name can give:  
For thy Maker can impart  
Blessings that shall ever live.

#### KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 572.

"Anathema Maranatha."—1 Cor. xvi. 22

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. A sabel.....      | 2 Sam. ii. 23.     |
| 2. N ehusha's .....  | 2 Kings xxiv. 8;   |
| 3. A rgob .....      | 2 Kings xxv. 27.   |
| 4. T irzah.....      | 2 Kings xv. 25.    |
| 5. H iel.....        | 1 Kings xv. 21.    |
| 6. Eloth .....       | 1 Kings xvi. 34.   |
| 7. M aachah's .....  | 2 Chron. viii. 17. |
| 8. A sa .....        | 1 Kings xv. 13.    |
| 9. M icah .....      | 1 Kings xv. 22.    |
| 10. A chish .....    | Judg. xvii. 2.     |
| 11. R ezin .....     | 1 Sam. xxvii. 3.   |
| 12. A hitophel.....  | 2 Kings xvi. 6.    |
| 13. Nabal's.....     | 2 Sam. xvii. 14.   |
| 14. A doram .....    | 1 Sam. xxv. 25.    |
| 15. T admor .....    | 1 Kings xii. 18.   |
| 16. H azael.....     | 1 Kings ix. 18.    |
| 17. A binoam's ..... | 2 Kings viii. 13.  |
|                      | Judg. iv. 8, 9.    |



## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.

## INTRODUCTIONS.

**I**F, when they went on board the *Albert Edward*, on their return journey, Mrs. Tregabbitt regretted the glories of Paris left unvisited, Kate was too glad to set her face homeward. The strange momentary interview with her aunt had not only shaken her nerves, but deeply and painfully impressed her mind. She thought of the invalid's sweet, momentary smile upon the pier, that had, as she deemed, revealed a gentle and loving nature; and then came the remembrance of the perturbed face, the wild, grieved eyes, full of reproach and anguish; the incoherent words, "her uncle"—"her father's brother." What fibre in the tangled skein of that perplexed mind had suggested the idea of any such relationship? To Kate, the charge of having brought some hateful or alarming person to Mrs. Oakenshaw's presence was of a piece with the mention of an imaginary kinsman—both were more morbid hallucinations. A keen regret that she should have consented to speak to the hapless lady, and by so doing have apparently thrown her tottering reason from its balance, oppressed Kate, and made her listen, with more, even, than her usual docility, to Mrs. Tregabbitt's remarks, in which due reference was made, over and over again, to the fact that Mr. Ormond had not been estranged without due cause from his only sister, and that if he had really any confidence in her, or only an ordinary interest, he would have made some mention of her in his will. He doubtless meant his daughter and this relative should continue strangers: "And," added the lady, with much emphasis, "what we have seen to-day shows us that we must obey your dear papa's wishes, in what was implied as well as what was commanded. But," she continued, "what did she mean by her words, 'uncle'—'father's brother?' Did you ever hear of your papa having a brother?"

"Mean! She must have spoken, poor thing, in mere distraction. You may as well ask me about some man I took with me, as about this phantom 'uncle.' I never heard my dear father say that he had a brother. Of course he had none."

There was a frank decision in Kate's manner that implied no mental misgiving whatever; and a little impatience at the folly of the question was in her tone, which had the effect of silencing, but not exactly convincing, Mrs. Tregabbitt. She knew, perhaps, more of the late Mr. Ormond than his daughter did—had seen him with shrewder and more experienced eyes; and she remembered he was a man very reserved about his family connections. He seemed to carry to the full extent the custom which prevails with some of rarely mentioning the past or the dead. Mrs. Hemans has a very tender but very mistaken passage in one of her sweet poems:—

"Voice after voice hath died away,  
Once in my dwelling heard;  
Sweet household name by name hath changed  
To grief's forbidden word."

Why should the sweet names that are enshrined in our hearts be "forbidden" to our lips? We doubly bury those we cease to name. Rather let them mingle with our thoughts, and come into our words, so that to some extent they may be vital still.

But whatever were the different trains of thought that visited our voyagers, they were both, on their return journey, obliged to succumb to that *malade de mer* which overpowers both sense and sentiment.

There were two gentlemen on the pier at Folkestone, witnessing the arrival of the packet, the elder of whom rushed forward in all haste to greet them. It was Mr. Graspington, who, to Mrs. Tregabbitt's surprise, came up with outstretched hands, exclaiming—

"Ah, you're poor sailors, ladies, I see you are. Welcome to land and home. Welcome, my dear Miss Ormond. Mrs. Tregabbitt, welcome. Ah, you should have waited until I could have accompanied you. I'm never ill. Sea or land, all the same to me. Talk of pleasure! Not much pleasure, I fancy, to you in this trip—eh?" Then, turning round and facing the companion, who had hitherto been hid by his portly person, he said, "Ladies—Mrs. Tregabbitt, Miss Ormond—allow me to introduce my grandson to you, Gilbert Graspington."

If Kate had been very anxious about her looks, she would have felt rather annoyed at meeting a stranger, in her present plight; but nothing neutralises vanity like a rough sea-passage. Silently bowing to the young man, and passing him to take Mr. Graspington's arm, she left Mrs. Tregabbitt in his charge, and was right glad to get to the pleasant Folkestone lodgings, and, in her own well-appointed airy bedroom, seek the luxury of quiet, and the refreshment of a good long linger over her toilet. Mrs. Tregabbitt having monopolised Jessy or scolded her into incompetency, at all events secured Kate an uninterrupted hour of rest, which she was rather sorry to have brought to a close by a message sent from Mrs. Tregabbitt to her, that Mr. Graspington and his grandson were to dine with them.

Kate looked at her sable dress, a little doubtful whether she should not have put on her orape robe and newest silk slip, but she decided, half angry with herself, to make no alteration in her attire. And, indeed, if she had wished to increase her loveliness that evening, it would have been difficult. Recent fatigue, and a little hurry of spirits had given a flush and animation to her face that it did not always possess. Her abundant hair, braided back simply from the forehead, was arranged in thick plaits, that folded close round her exquisitely-shaped head, and served for all the ornament she need wear. It was a characteristic of Kate Ormond that her style and manner, her walk, and the graceful carriage of

her head, gave her an imperial look. She could be at times playful or timid, according to her mood; but a certain nobleness of mien and bearing were natural to her, even in her most careless and indolent moods.

Involuntarily, as she entered the dining-room, Mr. Graspington, who with his young kinsman had arrived, and was talking with Mrs. Tregabbitt, rose deferentially to place a chair for her, in which act of courtesy he would have supplanted Gilbert, if it had not been that dinner was announced; and as Mrs. Tregabbitt appropriated the elder gentleman, the younger gave his arm to Kate, feeling as he did so a sort of consciousness that he was deplorably awkward, and wholly unworthy of the honour conferred on him. There is a kind of prettiness which at first sight men involuntarily patronise; there is a dashing handsomeness that excites and compels admiration; there is a tender loveliness that appeals and wins on the beholder; but none of these feelings would be created on the instant by the beauty of Kate Ormond. It was reverence she inspired in Gilbert Graspington's mind. He had never seen such a combination of grace and sweet, unconscious dignity. If at the moment he had been compelled by a familiar friend to define his feelings, as he walked into the dining-room with Kate on his arm, he would perhaps have said, "I never felt so small or so awkward." And yet a stranger who had seen them would by no means have come to the same conclusion. Gilbert had the well-knit form, height, and bearing of a fine man; while his russet hair, clear hazel eyes, and regular features, scarcely needed his good complexion to add to their effect. Unless he had a coarse mind, he could not be awkward with such a form; and it must have been a very gross soul that would have vulgarised that open, handsome, cheerful face.

Of course, at dinner, the recent trip of the ladies would furnish subjects for conversation; and while Mrs. Tregabbitt ran on in a voluble kind of monotone, like an accompaniment to the general conversation, most effectually compelling Mr. Graspington to listen to and answer her, Miss Ormond and Gilbert had, somehow, come to speak of Edina.

"She is your sister," said Kate; and then, suddenly correcting herself, added, "no; her name is not yours."

"Miss Edina Smith is my cousin. My father and her mother were brother and sister. I am going," he continued, "to bring her home."

"How glad you will be to have her. What a pleasant meeting is before you both."

"I hope so, Miss Ormond; but as we have never met before, I cannot expect that my cousin will feel any particular pleasure—"

"Never met!" said Kate, more suddenly than her wont. "Why have all her kindred deserted her? But, I beg pardon—"

The young man had coloured deeply at the reproach, and said, in a low tone, apologetically, "I could not help my cousin's childhood being lonely, any more than I could my own being so. If sens divide the young people of a family, the responsibility, or the reproach, must be borne by their elders."

He spoke so earnestly that, for a moment, Kate raised her drooping eyelids, and fixed her gaze on him, re-

peating, as she did so, the words, "I beg your pardon."

"For what, pray, does Miss Ormond beg pardon?" inquired Mr. Graspington, on whose ears the word had fallen, during an interval of Mrs. Tregabbitt's talk.

"Oh, nothing, sir," said Kate, angry with herself, and anxious to parry the inquiry.

"Thanks for nothing, and pardon for nothing, are both superfluities, young lady. But this is a luxurious age—fond of superfluities of speech, as of everything else. It was very different when I was young, I can tell you."

"There is a sense in which superfluities mean civilisation," said Gilbert, anxious to interpose a barrier to that rush of egotism which he feared from his grandfather. Mrs. Tregabbitt had caught the tenor of the remarks, and said, bluntly—

"The superfluity Miss Ormond was talking about, I think, referred to Edina Smith. Something has been said by some one—I really don't know who originated the notion—about a young companion for my dear Kate. I'm by no means clear that will not prove a superfluity; but, however—"

"Oh, Mrs. Tregabbitt, if Mr. Graspington would favour me by allowing his granddaughter to pay me a visit, and make her home with me, he will add to the many kindnesses he has shown me."

The manner and tone in which the usually tranquil Kate spoke, even more than the words, indicated a very different feeling than mere ordinary courtesy; and Mr. Graspington and Gilbert were both impressed by it, but yet very differently.

"What a mere fanciful child she is," said the man of the world.

"How beaming her face is—how kind her heart!" was the comment of the youth.

And so the dinner ended very satisfactorily; and when the gentlemen, at an early hour, took leave, Gilbert had become far more interested in his mission to fetch Edina than when he first set out, and eagerly petitioned to go at once to Dover, and start thence by the night mail-packet, Mr. Graspington resolving to return at once to town, now that his purpose was so far effected. "Why should he," he argued, "waste any more time? He had put things in fair train, and could easily pull the wires, and move these young puppets as he wished."

Accordingly, before the sun rose the next morning, Gilbert, duly furnished with Mr. Graspington's written authority, was in France, and on the way to fetch his cousin, a newly-awakened interest having sprung up in his heart about her. Do not let us think harshly of him for this tardy owning of the ties of kinship. He is by no means the only person whose interest in an object is quickened by the approval of others.

These stranger cousins, on meeting, took refuge in elaborate politeness. Both were constrained, for relationship was so new to them; and, possibly, the difference of sex added to their embarrassment.

They embarked, and instantly separated, Edina seeking refuge in the ladies' cabin, and Gilbert pacing the deck, both too absorbed in thoughts of the new era that had

opened in their lives, and which each connected with the name of Kate Ormond, to observe any of the passengers that were on the boat; and yet the cousins were not for a moment lost sight of by one if not two persons who had tracked their course from Guines, and were destined to be strangely blended in their future history.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## DARK SHADOWS.

In the midst of the festivities of a gay sea-side place of resort—French or English—who pauses to note the looks and doings of the shabby and the miserable? True, the same sun that warms the brilliant butterfly to life brings out the carrion fly; and thus, wherever fashion or folly congregate, there come inevitable swarms of parasites. Any one who cared to note the fact, might have seen the lace-hawker plying her trade with an energy as real as her wares were false. She walked about Boulogne, either not feeling or not yielding to fatigue, screened by her large hood from observation by day; at nightfall she shrank away into obscurity, in the great courtyard of an ancient and now dilapidated house, at the rear of a spacious *café* and billiard-room.

Opening from the courtyard was a spacious place, that was something between a shed and a room. It was divided by movable old paper screens into different sections, for various groups of lodgers—some *habités*, others merely occasional guests.

The lace-hawker was one of the former class, to judge by her way of walking to a screened-off corner, whence, through a long, narrow slip of casement, she could look into the billiard-room. Apparently her eyes soon encountered the object she sought, for, after a momentary gaze, she crouched down wearily by the side of a mattress scarcely raised from the floor, and sighing heavily, she took out a little bag from her bosom, that seemed to contain money, felt its contents stealthily, and was about either to count or add to them, when a footstep approaching her lair startled her, and she hastily returned the bag to its hiding-place beneath the folds of her dingy gown, and then plunged her right hand into her pocket with an air of desperation.

The man she evidently both expected and feared drew near, and, without uttering a word, held one hand out open, and raised the other with a threatening gesture. Not a word was spoken: it was evidently a customary thing for him thus to demand and for her to yield. She delayed a little to give him the money; perhaps she was withholding something from the amount in her pocket. His looks indicated that he thought she was; and as she brought out the coins—copper and silver—and dropped them into his palm, he jerked the money from his open hand into his side-pocket, and then again imperiously extended his greedy palm. She fumbled in her pocket, and drew out another half-franc. He waited for more; and, slowly, another, and another was added. Then she clasped her hands, helplessly dropped her head upon them, and swayed herself to and fro against the wall. She looked as if, had her strength been equal to the deed, she would have dashed her miserable head against that wall, and beat out her remnant of life there. As

it was, she clutched herself together, and looked the image of impotent despair. The man, with something of a growl, closed his fingers on the coins, looked, a minute contemptuously, at her, and turning sharply on his heel, returned to the billiard-room, in search either of comrades, pleasure, or spoil—or all three.

The woman soon started up, as if to leave the place but sank down, a moment after, too utterly weary to walk any farther then, if such had been her intention. Sleep—merciful sleep—came to her aid, laid its composing hand upon her throbbing brain, and wrapped her in the mantle of repose. Four hours she slept; then, as a thin shaft of rose-coloured light crossed the courtyard and shone through the window on the sleeper, she opened her eyes. The wraps had fallen from her face; it was swollen and discoloured, and she moved stiffly, uttering a faint cry of pain—a cry that completely woke her, and made her conscious that the billiard-balls were yet sounding in the adjacent chamber, and that men's voices were loudly mingling in dispute. She rose, walked out from behind her screen and, through the door, into the yard; stopped a moment at a little stone trough, into which water fell, and bathed her face and hands, adjusted the wraps round her head, looked into her basket, where there remained some remnants of lace, and then hastily retreated from the yard, and was soon on the road to Guines. Meeting a cart at Marquise, she made half the journey in comparative comfort, and, on dismounting, bought a centime worth of milk, and, going towards the ramparts, finished her morning meal by eating a crust of dry bread, seated on a knoll at the foot of a tree, whence she could see the playground at Madame Le Blanc's, and, without listening very intently, even sometimes overhear the prattle of the schoolgirls.

But she was not so much listening as looking. A tall girl, who was quietly walking up and down beside a companion, and mechanically plying her crochet-needle as she walked, was the one object on which her gaze was fixed. That girl was not likely to utter a word in a tone that, even in the serene calm of the summer morning, would be heard beyond the playground; but there were others, whose ringing laughter and gay voices floated on to the usually lonely ramparts.

"Oh, Edda, Edda! is it true?" cried a loud-voiced, passionate child of ten. "Tell me; are you, indeed, going to leave us—going to-day? It is a shame! I'd never have come back at Easter if I thought you would leave."

"Nay, Lydia, if Edda goes I shall still be here," said a soothing voice.

"You are not Edda," was the discontented response; to which was added, with all an impetuous child's perverseness, "I shall hate the school; and I do hate Edda's grandfather for sending for her, and her brother for fetching her."

"Her cousin; not her brother."

"It's all the same; I hate him."

A chorus rose of mingled laughter and condolence. A bell sounded, and the young folks all retreated from the playground, Edda being one of the last to enter the house.

With what hungry, jealous eyes did the woman from



under the shelter of the trees behold this little scene! How had she been startled by the words she had heard! She held both her hands tightly over her heart, as if she feared the sound of its loud beating must betray her place of ambush. When the girls had all left the ground, drawing her little bag from her bosom, she began counting the money. She added to it the sum in her pocket, and even then, from her pained, anxious look, it might be judged the amount disappointed her. After resting her head on her hand a few minutes, in reflection, she rose, entered the town of Guines, and was fortunate enough to secure a place, for six sous, in the diligence for Calais; and, in less than an hour, she was standing in a lace-factory, in the suburb of St. Pierre. Here she seemed known; and, leaving her unsold remnants of lace, she borrowed a small sum, urging that she had paid the last. It was lent to her, and she made her way to the quay, produced a well-worn passport, which (as that system was, even then, not by any means rigorously enforced to English residents, so many Nottingham lacemakers being there) was only casually glanced at by the stout old official with the drab-coloured whiskers and moustache, so well known to English visitors. He merely muttered, "Ah, Marie Gray—*permit*;" and, with the latter word inscribed on her paper, she passed on to the pier, and began consulting the time-tables that hung on the wall of the steam-packet office.

Buying a small loaf of bread, she seated herself on a bench, and made her frugal meal, watching, with scrutinising eyes, all who came towards the packet. One boat departed, and the afternoon wore away. Suddenly a terrible fear shook her. She started to her feet. "Will she go by Boulogne?" No, that was not likely, if the words the child had uttered—"Go to-night"—were correct. No; Guines was near Calais, and that port and Dover would be the direct way.

While suspense and doubt did their heart-sickening work, and wore the already exhausted woman, the hours slowly passed. A little before seven o'clock, a *voiture* drove on to the quay; a young man alighted, gave his hand to a still younger girl, an aged Frenchwoman—if, indeed, they own the word "aged"—followed, giving directions to the porters to take the luggage—not very much,—and then she accompanied the young lady to the steps which descended into the vessel. With many charges to the young man to be careful of "*cette chère ange*" she saw the luggage placed on board, and, with her handkerchief to her eyes, mounted the steps, just as the last bell was ringing. The woman who had been so long watching drew her hood closely over her face, and descended from the pier to the deck of the steamer, glided among the deck passengers, till she came to a nook, where there was a coil of rope and a tarpaulin, and, crouching down, was hidden from all observation. And so the swift vessel, loosed from her moorings, steamed away towards England, bearing her freight of human hearts, and the mysteries enshrined within them.

While the steamer was cleaving the gleaming waves,

the man we last saw at Boulogne was tramping over every quarter of that crowded town, in search of the woman who had gone thence, in the rosy dawn of the morning, some fifteen hours previously. Her departure, evidently, was both an annoyance and a perplexity to the man who was seeking her. He returned to the old courtyard behind the billiard-room, and questioned a frowzy old creature who was cooking pottage at a charcoal stove, who said, "Madame, yesterday, had a good market with her lace, and, without doubt, was gone to St. Pierre, to buy more;" a reply that did not satisfy him, for the simple fact, that he concluded he had all the money her merchandise had gained. Nevertheless, having been out of luck at the billiard-table, and now without any money to stake, he resolved to go to St. Pierre, passing Guines on the way. "She haunts that place," he muttered, through his shut teeth. "That girl there drives her mad. I must leave this wretched country, and venture myself in England. No one will now know me there. Though *she* knew me," he added, thoughtfully. "I must do something; for I have a decided objection to starve."

This and similar ejaculations showed the tenor of his thoughts, as he walked on through the night, getting, as the new day dawned, a lift now and then in a countryman's cart. Footsore and weary he tramped into Guines, casting an angry glance at the Maison de l'Etoile, as he passed its gates, and bending his way towards the yard of a *voiturier*, where he was, on entering, hailed by an acquaintance, the driver of the *voiture* that had taken the two cousins, the evening before, to Calais. This driver was a noted billiard-player, and he began to tell the particulars of a game of the previous night to the traveller, whom he evidently considered an adept.

"You played this famous game at Calais, my friend," said the tramp from Boulogne. "What took you there?"

"Oh, a *demoiselle* from the Maison de l'Etoile was returning to England."

"Ha! Did you know the *demoiselle's* name?"

"Indeed, yes. It is Mademoiselle Edina."

"Edina—what?"

"Oh, Smith; but there are many called Smith; it is the one general English name. But why do you ask?"

"I ask, indeed! That's good! It's you that tell. What do I know or care about it?"

Even as he spoke a swarthy pallor spread over his face, and his tawny beard scarcely hid the twitching muscles of his mouth. He entered the parlour of the little *auberge* that flanked the stable yard, and, throwing himself down all his length on a wooden settle, muttered—"She has gone! watched the girl, and followed her; cheated me out of the passage-money. But I'll find her; and then—"

No threat could be more terrible than the cruel gleam in his tawny eyes, or more resolute than the clutch of his thin, fair hands, both doubled up, till the knuckles shone white through the tightened skin.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as we shall close the account within the next few days. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—Editor of THE QUIVER.